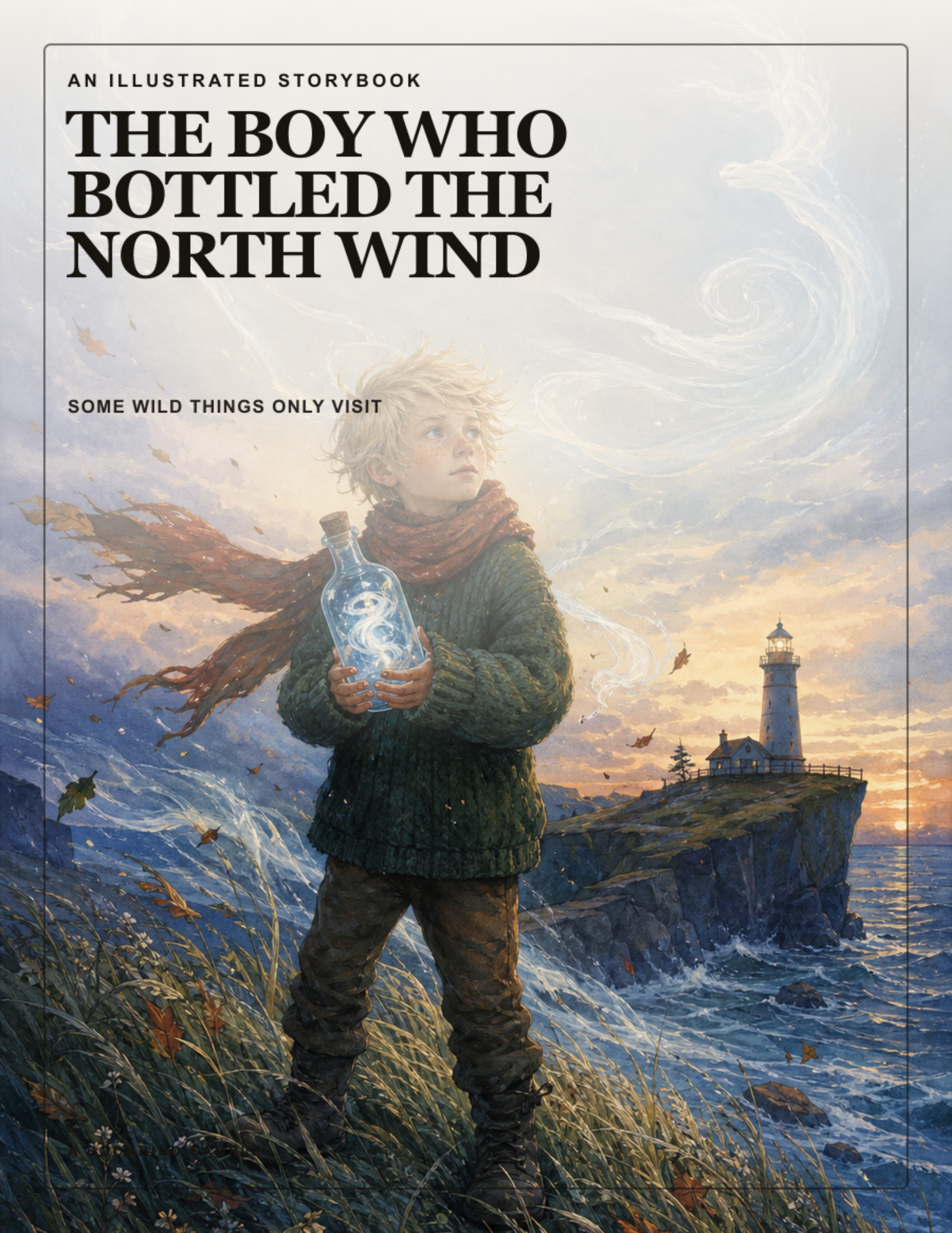
AN ILLUSTRATED STORYBOOK

THE BOY WHO BOTTLED THE NORTH WIND

SOME WILD THINGS ONLY VISIT





THE LIGHTHOUSE WORKSHOP

When the cork came loose

The wind unfolded over the workbench, lifting every map in the room. Elias held the bottle steady. The keeper forgot how to blink.



THE CLIFF AT FIRST LIGHT

A promise too large for glass

The North Wind leapt toward the stranded boat and filled its tired sails. Elias laughed as the empty bottle grew warm in his hands.



BLUE HOUR AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

Too wild for a bottle

The North Wind returned whenever the lighthouse sang.
But it never again fit inside Elias’s bottle.